THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1807.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ERRATUM.

WE wish to call the particular attention of our Readers to the circumstance of the Earl of Clermont's Stud, as it appeared in our last.—It was compiled previous to that Nobleman's death by Mr. W. Pick; and is now in the press, with several additions for the third Volume of his *Turf Register*, intended for publication in the next York August Meeting.

SEVERAL Poetical Pieces by J. M.—J. M. L.—&c. are received, and only deferred for want of room.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Lion, and Tiger.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR FEBRUARY, 1807.

LION AND TIGER.

A Beautiful Engraving, by H. R. Cook.

THE original picture from which this plate is engraved, was painted by that highly celebrated painter of animals, Mr. J. Ward.—The Tiger is here supposed to have caught the small antelope deer, and at that moment he is sprung upon by the lion.—In the encounter between them, the deer is struggling to escape.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF THE CELEBRATED RACE-HORSE, BENINGBROUGH.

Late the property of Mr. John Hutchinson, of Shipton, near York.

HE was got by King Fergus; his dam, (Zachariah's dam) by King Herod; grandam, Pyrrha, (sister to Dux, Phœnix, Chymist, and Playfellow) by Match'em; great grandam, Mr. Fenwick's famous Duchess, (Le Sang's dam) by Whitenose, out of Miss Slamerkin, (sister to Bustard, Othello, Oroonoko, and Conqueror) by Crab.

At York Spring Meeting, 1794, *Beningbrough*, (the first time of his starting) was beat by Prior; but beat Prince de Cobourg, Temperance, &c. On Wednesday in the York August Meeting, *Beningbrough* won a Stakes of 450gs, beating Brilliant and Fergulus:—And on Saturday, He won a Stakes of 700gs, beating Eliza, Brilliant, Kilton, Prince de Cobourg, Cade, &c. On Tuesday, at Doncaster, He won the St. Leger Stakes of 25gs each, (19 Subscribers) beating Prior, Brilliant, Ambush, Allegro, Tim Tartlet, Cockade, &c.—And the next day, He won the Gold Cup*, value 100gs, four miles, beating Constant, 5 years old; Rally, 4 years old; Ninety-three, 4 years old; Bradamante, 3 yrs old; Wentworth, 5 years old; and Kerrenhappuch, 5 years old:—2 to 1 on Beningbrough.

At York August Meeting, 1795, *Beningbrough*, (on the entering-day) was sold to Sir Charles Turner; and on Friday following, He was beat

* It is remarkable that Mr. Hutchinson, at Doncaster, in 1791, also won the Gold Cup, with Young Traveller; in 1792, with Overton; and in 1793, with Oberon:—And Hambletonian, who was bred by Mr. Hutchinson, after he was sold, won the Gold Cups, at Doncaster, in 1795 and 1796.

by Brilliant and Bennington. On Tuesday, at Doncaster*, at 7st. 7lb. He beat Bennington, 8st. four miles, 500gs:—On Wednesday, He won the Doncaster Stakes of 150gs, four miles, beating Brilliant and Eliza:—And on Thursday, He won the 100l. Plate, two-mile heats, beating Brilliant, Marsk, and Moorcock.

On Saturday before the York August Meeting, 1796, *Beningbrough*, 8st. beat Ormond, aged, 8st 4lb, four miles, 500gs.—On Wednesday following, He was beat by Eliza for the Subscription-Purse, for five-year olds. He was then purchased by Mr. J. Hutchinson.

On Saturday before the York August Meeting, 1797, *Beningbrough*, 7st. 4lb. received forfeit from Mr. Tatton's Yorkshire Bite, 7st. two miles, 200gs, 50gs ft.—And on Thursday following, He was beat for the Subscription-Purse, by Hambletonian; beating Trimbush and Brilliant. The above were the only times of his running.

After which, *Beningbrough* was a Stallion in Mr. J. Hutchinson's stud, at Shipton, near York; and will cover at the same place this season, (1807.) He is 15 hands 3 inches and a half high, and is allowed to be one of the finest bred horses in England. He is sire of Ashton, Blue-Devil, Orville, Maidstone, Harefoot, Strap, Brandon, Earl of Chester, Flockton, Sky-Blue, Transit, Twizzle-her, Firelock,. Patricia, Primrose, Sir Bertrand, Lady Mary, Hippolytus, Centurion, Brafferton, Shipton, Fortuna, Barabbas, Banker, Oulton, Rosette, Statira, Maida, Windle, Delville, Margaret, Phlebotomist, Scud, Bedaliar, Harry Longlegs, Buttercup, Companion, Sourkrout, Young Constant, Imma, Patroclus, Briseïs, and a great many others.

Zachariah, (brother to Beningbrough) is engaged to cover this season in the neighbourhood of Berwick-upon-Tweed.—He is sire of Lord Foley's Knee-Buckle, the only one of his get that has yet started.

COURSING.

MALTON MEETING.

THIS Meeting commenced on Tuesday the 17th inst. but owing to the lateness of the season, and the very thin attendance of the members, it was but a meager concern. The diversion, however, for one day, was very respectable; and considering the absence of Lord Middleton, Major Topham, and several other gentlemen, the whole went off, though perhaps not with its usual eclat, yet still with some degree of reciprocal satisfaction.—Many matches were decided, and the hares in general ran very stout. Owing to the late alteration in the rules, the Cup is not run for now till the Thursday, on which day that, as well as many other sporting matches were to have been decided. Amongst the many dogs that showed great superiority, we must particularly notice Sir T. Slingsby's two bitches, Serpent and

* There were only seven races this year at Doncaster; six of which were won by Sir Charles Turner, viz. three as above stated by Beningbrough; a Match with Confederacy against Evelina; also the St. Leger Stakes and the Gold Cup, both by Hambletonian.—The Corporation Plate was won by Lord Grosvenor's Capsicum.

Queen;

Queen; and Mr. Lascelles's red dog Poacher; all from the Derbyshire breed.

THETFORD MEETING.

The Coursing at this Meeting commenced on the 9th day of February, 1807, viz.

Monday—West Harling Field.

Mr. Redhead's Lightning, agst Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Ermine, 1g, undecided.

Mr. Redhead's Lovely, beat Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Earnest, 1g.

Mr. Redhead's Lively, against Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Elephant, 1g, undecided.

Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Esther, against Mr. Hamond's (Col. Leathes') Sprite, 1g, and 4gs bye, undecided.

Mr. Hamond's Woodbine, beat Col. Lovelace's Midas, 1g.

Mr. Hamond's (Colonel Leathes') Sprite, against Col. Lovelace's Mouse, 1g, undecided.

Tuesday—Weeting Field.

Mr Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Emperor, beat Mr. Page's (Mr. Moore's) Nutcracker, 1g.

Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Earnest, beat Mr. Page's (Mr. Moore's) Novelty, 1g.

Col. Lovelace's Mademoiselle, beat Mr. Hamond's (Col. Leathes') Spinner, 1g.

Mr. Hamond's (Colonel Leathes') Stripling, beat Col. Lovelace's Magic, 1g.

Col. Lovelace's Monkey, beat Mr. Page's (Mr. Moore's) Needle, 1g.

Col. Lovelace's Midas, beat Mr. Page's (Mr. Moore's) Nonpareil, 1g.

Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Eleanor, beat Colonel Lovelace's Madge, 1g.

Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Empress, agst Mr. Hamond's Woodbine, 1g, and 1g bye, undecided.

Mr. Moseley's Bellissima, beat Mr. Galway's Wagoner, 1g.

Wednesday—Brettenham Field.

Mr. Redhead's Lightning, agst Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Earnest, 1g, undecided.

Mr. Redhead's Lively, against Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Elephant, 1g, undecided.

Mr. Hamond's (Col. Leaths') Sprite, agst Col. Lovelace's Mouse, 1g, undecided.

Col. Lovelace's Monkey, beat Mr. Hamond's (Col. Leathes') Stripling, 1g.

Mr. Hamond's (Col. Leathes') Spinner, against Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Ermine, 1g, not run.

Mr. Hamond's (Colonel Leathes') Wowski, against Mr. Moseley's (Sir P. Blake's) Esther, 1g, not run.

BRIEF RECAPITULATION OF LATE MEETINGS.

The last Swaffham Meeting.—Mr. F. Hamond's Woodbine won the Prize Cup.——Ilsley, Berkshire—Ld Rivers's Rosemary won the Cup, after seven severe courses, beating seven others: Mr. Greenwood, the celebrated *sporting hatter* at Reading, maintains his Lordship's breed of greyhounds to be one of the best in the kingdom.—Doveridge Third Meeting—Mr. Mundy's four greyhound bitches, the daughters of Galliard, (now Major Topham's) were allowed to be the best of the Meeting. The hares ran uncommonly well, considering that in the warmer soils they have continued to breed through the year.

COCKINGS.

COCKINGS.

YORK.

THE Long Main of Cocks between Sir Francis Boynton, Bart. (Thompson, feeder) and H. F. Mellish, Esq. (Potter, feeder) commenced fighting at the Grand Pit without Bootham Bar, on Monday, Feb. 9, and continued the five following days. The Main consisted of 36 battles—the Byes of 14.

Thompson,	M.	B.	*Potter,*	M.	B.
Monday	4	1		2	1
Tuesday	2	0		4	2
Wednesday	4	1		2	1
Thursday	5	0		1	2
Friday	5	1		1	2
Saturday	4	2		2	1
	24	5		12	9

Setters.—For Sir F. Boynton, Thompson, the feeder; for Mr. Mellish, Young Potter.

The above Long Main between Sir F. Boynton and Mr. Mellish, with regard to the event, finished on Saturday, the 14th, the former having won at the end of the day's fight by three battles a-head.

There has seldom been finer cocks or more superior feeding shown, than by Thompson; and indeed, throughout the whole main, his superiority to Potter was decided.

Betting.—Before fighting, 1 guinea for 20 on Potter; after Monday's fight, 5 to 4 on Thompson; after Tuesday's fight, 6 to 4 on Potter; after Wednesday's fight, 6 to 4 on Thompson; after Thursday's fight, 20 to 1 on Thompson. The betting on Saturday, 2 and 3 to 1 on Thompson for nearly every battle.

PONTEFRACT.

ON Thursday, the 19th instant, a Main of Cocks was fought between H. F. Mellish, Esq. (H. Harrison, feeder) and W. Lee, Esq. (D. Burnill, feeder) of eleven cocks, for 10gs a Battle, and 100gs the Main, which was won by Mr. Lee by five a-head. The cocks fought well and strong.

DURHAM.

WE hear that the Long Main at Durham, between Mr. Mellish and Mr. Trotter, when each party was to have fed and set his own cocks, is off, on account of the former's engagements at Newmarket unavoidably claiming his presence there.

RACE IN JAMAICA.

Kingston, December 3, 1806.

ON Thursday last, a race was run on the parade at St. Ann's, between Capt. M——'s bay mare, and Mr. C——w's chesnut poney, which afforded very little sport to the amateurs of the turf, but was attended with many serious accidents, and one most lamentable catastrophe. On starting, the mare proved restive, but the poney went off in good style, and would have distanced the other before she took the course, had not a negro boy imprudently crossed immediately before the poney, by which the rider, a gentleman named Maiben, was thrown, and the negro had his knee luxated; by which the mare had the opportunity of coming up, although it still proved a dead heat in favour of the poney.

The fall of Mr. Maiben being perceived by his father, a respectable man in the naval storekeeper's department, he, with many others, set off in full gallop to his assistance; but in a moment, a gentleman

man coming in contact with him, he was precipitated to the ground, and the horse on him, bearing his whole pressure on his chest, which instantly deprived him of speech; and notwithstanding medical aid was immediately afforded, after lingering totally insensible for three hours, expired without a groan, leaving a widow and eight children. Owing to the immense crowd, the fall of Mr. Maiben senior was not known to his son till after the second heat, which was won by the poney with ease; during which another negro got his skull fractured, and a gentleman his arm broken.

SPORTING BIOGRAPHY.

FLETCHER READ, ESQ.

THIS gentleman, well known in the Sporting world, particularly among the gymnastic professors, departed this life on Thursday morning the 24th of January, in the fortieth year of his age, at his apartments at Shepperton, in Middlesex, where he has resided for the last two years.

This event was briefly mentioned in the last Sporting Magazine.

He had spent a jovial evening on Wednesday, amongst some select companions; and at a late hour went to bed, after having drank freely. In the morning he was found dead by his servant, having, as it is supposed, died through suffocation. The deceased had been one of the chief patrons of boxing, for the last three years; and in him have the professors of that art lost their best friend. He had expended considerable sums of money in backing fighting men.

Mr. Read was a native of Dundee, in Scotland, near to which he had succeeded to estates, by the death of his mother, the intelligence of which event he had received only two days previous to his decease. He has left a wife and two children, who resided with his mother in Scotland.

EXTEMPORE.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. F. READ.

IN the still of the night, Death to Shepperton went,
And there catching poor Fletcher asleep,
He into his wind such a desp'rate blow sent,
That no longer "*the time could he keep.*"

Thus forc'd to give in, we his fate must lament,
While the coward, grim Death, is to blame;
For if in the morn he to Shepperton went,
He fear'd Fletcher's true *science* and *game*.

Then, repose to his ashes, soft rest to his soul,
For harmless was he through life's span;
With the friend of his bosom, enjoying the bowl,
And wishing no evil to man.

York, Feb. 1807. M. H.

AN EPIGRAM.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO CELEBRATED SPORTING CHARACTERS.

SWIFT as the wind o'er fam'd Newmarket's down,
Though CHIFNEY oft triumphantly has flown;
And oft, though FLETCHER, in gymnastic schools
Had baffled Science, and defied her rules;
Superior matches both at length have found,
And each alike compell'd to yield his ground—

TIME'S

TIME's fleeter pinions run one out of breath,
The other perish'd by the *blow* of Death.

York, Feb. 1807. WHO-OP.

MR. JOHN TESSYMAN.

ON Sunday, the 18th of January, died, in the 64th year of his age, Mr J. Tessyman, of Moor Monckton, near York, farmer. He was brought up in the racing stables; was a rider and trainer for William Garforth, Esq. and rode his favourite horse, Euryalus, at York in 1774, against Pioneer, &c. which he beat at three heats, although the betting was 20 to 1 in favour of Pioneer.

He was also, for several years, trainer for the late William Jolliff, Esq. and afterwards for John Wetherell, and George Baker, Esqrs. He trained the two famous horses Cavendish and Windlestone. He was universally respected by the gentlemen of the turf, and others who had the pleasure of knowing him.

THE CURFEW.

Drury Lane Theatre, Feb. 19.

THIS play was written by the late Mr. Tobin, author of the Honey Moon. A Norman baron, who came over with William the Conqueror, is secretly and most malignantly pursued by a young officer who had been disgraced by him in Normandy. This young Norman (another Zanga) is the instrument by which the Drama is moved; distress, separation, love, with the feats of a merciless banditti, furnish out the scenes. The man who rings the Curfew is made instrumental to a discovery, and at his signal, according to the will of the Conqueror, all lights are to be put out. Mr. Tobin seems to be more lucky in illustrating the ideas of others than in the adoption of any original ones of his own. The Honey Moon is a happy improvement of Catherine and Petruchio; and this new production has all the progressive workings of the passions to be found in Zanga, without the dreadful termination of that frightful drama. It was well received, and has been repeated with increased approbation. In fact, this seems to be one of the very few modern plays that will afford great pleasure on repetition. The sentiments are bold and striking.—Many of the points display great humour, and the language is peculiarly vigorous throughout. The characters in general are very well assigned to the respective performers, and are supported with such ability as renders full justice to the sterling merits of this excellent piece.

Among other attempts at wit we find the following:—Conrad, one of the banditti, "*Putting out the light* by the Curfew, is said to be a new mode of your great statesmen *to keep people in the dark*.—[Loud applause.] It is then a misdemeanor for a horse-shoe to strike fire from a flint. *Lightning* is to be put down by act of parliament! It is high treason for a *star to wink* in the firmament, or a *glow-worm* to carry light in its tail! Nay, the *moon* has already *drawn in her horns*, as a great reward has been offered for whoever will apprehend and keep her close prisoner in a warming-pan!"—[Loud and reiterated plaudits.]

Walter, speaking of the Curfew, "It may be called a sort of *eight o'clock extinguisher!*"

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT, ECCENTRICITIES, &c.

THE BOTTLE CONJURER.

AN account of the famous Bottle Conjuror, in the years 1748—9, with the advertisements &c. &c. that appeared in all the public papers of that period, relative to that entertaining and extraordinary imposition.

January 12, 1749.—At the New Theatre in the Haymarket, on Monday next, the 16th instant, is to be seen, a person who performs the several most surprising things following; viz.—1st, He takes a common walking cane from any of the spectators, and thereon plays the music of every instrument now in use, and likewise sings to surprising perfection.—2dly, He presents you with a common wine-bottle, which any of the spectators may first examine; this bottle is placed on a table in the middle of the stage, and he—without any equivocation—goes into it, in the sight of all the spectators, and sings in it; during his stay in the bottle, any person may handle it, and see plainly that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle. Those on the stage, or in the boxes, may come in masked habits, (if agreeable to them;) and the performer, if desired, will inform them who they are.—Stage, 7s. 6d. Boxes, 5s. Pit, 3s. Gallery, 2s. Tickets to be had at the Theatre. To begin at half an hour after six o'clock.—The performance continues about two hours and a half.

Note.—If any gentlemen or ladies, after the above performance, either single or in company, in or out of mask, is desirous of seeing a representation of any deceased person, such as husband or wife, sister or brother, or any intimate friend of either sex, upon making a gratuity to the performer, shall be gratified by seeing and conversing with them for some minutes, as if alive; likewise, if desired, he will tell you your most secret thoughts in your past life, and give you a full view of persons who have injured you, whether dead or alive.—For those gentlemen and ladies who are desirous of seeing this latter part, there is a private room provided.

These performances have been seen by most of the crowned heads of Asia, Africa, and Europe, and never appeared public any where but once; but will wait on any at their houses, and perform as above, for five pounds each time. A proper guard is appointed to prevent any disorder.

THE following is an account of the performance, as published in one of the newspapers the following day:——January 13.—Last night the much-expected drama of the Bottle Conjuror of the New Theatre in the Haymarket, ended in the tragi-comical manner following.—Curiosity had drawn together prodigious numbers. About seven, the theatre being lighted up, but without so much as a single fiddle to keep the audience in good humour, many grew impatient. Immediately followed a chorus of cat-calls,

calls, heightened by loud vociferations and beating with sticks; when a fellow came from behind the curtain, and bowing, said, that if the performer did not appear, the money should be returned. At the same time, a wag crying out from the pit, that if the ladies and gentlemen would give double prices, the Conjuror would get into a pint bottle; presently a young gentleman in one of the boxes seized a lighted candle, and threw it on the stage. This served as the charge for sounding to battle. Upon this, the greatest part of the audience made the best of their way out of the theatre, some losing a cloak, others a hat, others a wig, and others hat, wig, and sword also.—One party, however, stayed in the house, in order to demolish the inside; when the mob breaking in, they tore up the benches, broke to pieces the scenes, pulled down the boxes, in short dismantled the theatre entirely, carrying away the particulars above mentioned into the street, where they made a mighty bonfire; the curtain being hoisted on a pole by way of flag. A large party of the guards were sent for, but came time enough only to warm themselves at the fire. We hear of no other disaster than a young nobleman's chin being hurt, occasioned by his fall into the pit, with part of one of the boxes, which he had forced out with his foot.—It is thought the Conjuror vanished away with the money.

Another account says:—January 13.—Last night there was a very numerous and polite modern company of *choice spirits*, to see the extraordinary performance of the Haymarket Conjuror. When the time was elapsed, according to his conjuring advertisement, a great uproar was made: when one of the conjuring tribe appeared on the stage, and made a speech; declaring, among other things of equal importance, that if the gentleman did not appear in a quarter of an hour, they should have their money returned: but, to the great surprise of the company, their money was conjured away, without any other performance. Immediately a great confusion ensued; the benches were torn up, bonfires were made of them; and happy were they who got off safe with their watches, &c. It was reported, that a great General* lost his sword in the quarrel; *cum multis aliis.*

The following advertisement appeared a few days after this affair: January 13.—Lost, last Monday night, at the Little Playhouse in the Haymarket, a sword, with a gold hilt and cutting blade, with a crimson and gold sword-knot tied round the hilt. Whoever brings it to Mrs. Chevenix's toy-shop, over against Great Suffolk-street, near Charing-cross, shall receive thirty guineas reward, and no questions asked.

To this the following appeared as an answer:—January 18.—Found, entangled in the slit of a lady's demolished smock petticoat, a gold-hilted sword, of martial length and temper, nothing worse for wear, with the river Spey curiously wrought on one side of the blade, and the Scheld on the other; supposed to have been stolen from the plump side of a great General, in his precipitate retreat from the battle of Bottle Noodles, at Station Foot.—

* The Duke of Cumberland was there.

Inquire

Inquire at the Quart Bottle and Musical Cane, in Potter's-row.

N. B. Every word of a certain late advertisement is true, except the whole advertisement.

The following advertisement was inserted, assigning the reason why the Bottle Conjuror did not perform:—

Whereas various stories have been told the Public, about the Man and the Bottle, the following account seems to be the best as yet given of that odd affair; viz. A gentleman went to him the same evening he was to perform in the Haymarket, and asking him what he must have to perform to him in private, he said £5, on which they agreed: and the Conjuror getting ready to go into the bottle, which was set on a table, the gentleman having provided a parcel of corks, fitted one to the bottle; then the Conjuror having darkened the room as much as was necessary, at last with much squeezing got into the bottle, which, in a moment, the gentleman corked up, and whipt into his pocket, and in great haste and seeming confusion, went out of the house, telling the servants who waited at the door, that their master had bewitched him, and bid them go in and take care of him. Thus, the poor man being bit himself, in being confined in the bottle, and in a gentleman's pocket, could not be in another place; for he never advertised that he would go into two bottles at one and the same time. He is still in the gentleman's custody, who uncorks him now and then to feed him, and to let in some fresh air to him; but his long confinement has so dampt his spirits, that instead of singing and dancing, he is perpetually crying, and cursing his ill fate. But though the town have been disappointed of seeing him go into the bottle, in a few days they will have the pleasure of seeing him come out of the bottle; of which timely notice will be given in the daily papers.

The following pamphlets, prints, &c. were published in consequence of this affair:—

The Bottled Heroes; or, Madness and Folly A-la-mode. Humbly inscribed to Mr. H—g—h, and Mr. G——k. With a humorous copper-plate head-piece. By Anglicanus, M. D. To be had, by the author's appointment, of T. Ewart, publisher, facing Slaughter's Coffee-house, St. Martin's-lane; P. Griffin, in Fleet-street; and at all the shops in town and country.

English Credulity; or, Ye're all bottled.—A humorous print.—Exactly representing the particular characters that attended at the Haymarket Theatre; together with their different requests, according to their several stations, to converse with the inhabitants of the lower regions; viz. the Soldier, Engineer, Parson, Physician, Fop, Sailor, Fille de Joye, &c. To which is annexed, a Poem, properly adapted to the subject. Printed for B. Dickinson, the corner of the Bell Savage Inn, Ludgate Hill.

Note.—All the Bottle Prints that have been published, are by this print out-bottled.

A modest Apology for the Man in the Bottle. By himself. Being a full answer to all that ever was, or ever will be said on that important occasion. Containing among other curiosities, a particular account of the Scheme; some Sketches of a late Minister, in the Year 1720, with the S. S. Directors; a

 Dialogue

Dialogue between Mordecai and a Christian, on Foreign Loans; the Bottleman's Name; what, and who the greatest Impostors, and why; the Blind lead the Blind; Foreigners most encouraged; the Bottleman not the Aggressor; Miracles proved ever since the Revolution, &c.—*Ridentem dice e Verum.*—Printed for J. Freeman, near St. Paul's; and sold by the booksellers in London and Westminster.

An Apology to the Town for Himself and the Bottle.—By J. Nick-all. N. B. Mr. P—— was mistaken in the name. To which is prefixed, an exact representation of the Scene of Harlequin's Escape into the Bottle, introduced in the Pantomime Entertainment of Apollo and Daphne, or the Burgo-Master tricked; the character of Harlequin by Mr. Phillips. Printed for B. Dickinson, the corner of Bell Savage Inn, Ludgate Hill.

The Bottle Conjuror's reflecting Mirror; or, One Fool makes many, from the Head to Foot, without Equivocation.—Sold in May's Buildings, Covent Garden; where may be had, The Wheelbarrow Cries of Europe.

Apollo and Daphne; or, the Burgo-Master tricked. In which will be introduced, an additional Scene of the Escape of Harlequin into a Quart Bottle.—Boxes, 5s. Pit, 3s. First Gallery, 2s. Upper Gallery, 1s. To begin exactly at six o'clock.

Apollo and Daphne; or, the Burgo-Master tricked. In which will be introduced the Escape of Harlequin into a Quart Bottle.—Also Don Jumpedo, (though not the original) will jump DOWN his own throat; and, as a new addition, afterwards jump UP again!—Boxes, 5s. Pit, 3s. First Gallery, 2s. Upper Gallery, 1s. Tickets delivered out for this night will be taken. Places for the boxes to be taken of Mr. Page, at the Stage door. To-morrow will be presented, the Careless Husband, for the benefit of Mr. Leveridge.

Lately arrived from Italy.—Sig. Capitello Jumpedo, a surprising dwarf, no taller than a *common tavern tobacco-pipe;* who can perform many wonderful equilibres on the slack or tight rope: likewise he will transform his body into above ten thousand different shapes and postures; and after he has diverted the spectators two hours and a half, he will *open his mouth wide, and jump down his own throat!* He being the most wonderfullest wonder of wonders, as ever the world wondered at, would be willing to join in performance with that surprising musician, on Monday next, in the Haymarket. He is to be spoke with at the Black Raven, in Golden Lane, every day from seven till twelve, and from two to all day long.

Lately arrived from Ethiopia. The most wonderful and surprising Doctor Benimbe Zammampoango, Oculist and Body Surgeon to the Emperor of Monœmungi, who will perform on Sunday next, at the Little P—— in the Haymarket, the following surprising operations; viz. 1st, He desires any one of the spectators only to pull out his own eyes, which as soon as he has done, the Doctor will shew them to any lady or gentleman then present, to convince them there is no cheat, and then replace them in the sockets as perfect and entire as ever.—2dly, He desires any officer, or other, to rip up his own belly; which

which when he has done, he (without any equivocation) takes out his bowels, washes them, and returns them to their place, without the person's suffering the least hurt. 3dly, He opens the head of a J— of P—, takes out his brains, and exchanges them for those of a calf; the brains of a beau, for those of an ass; and the heart of a bully, for that of a sheep; which operations render the persons more sociable and rational creatures than they ever were in their lives. And to convince the town that no imposition is intended; he desires no money until the performance is over. Boxes, 5 guin. Pit, 3. Gallery, 2.

N. B. The famous Oculist will be there, and honest S— F— H— will come if he can. Ladies may come masked, so may fribbles.—The faculty and clergy gratis. The Orator would be there, but is engaged.

Don John de Nasaquitine, sworn brother and companion to the man that was to have jumped into the bottle at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, on Monday, the 16th past, hereby invites all such as were then disappointed, to repair to the Theatre aforesaid, on Monday, the 30th: and that shall be exhibited unto them, which never was heretofore, nor ever will be hereafter seen. All such as shall swear upon the Book of Wisdom that they paid for seeing the Bottle-Man, will be admitted gratis; the rest at Gotham prices.

This is to inform the Public—That, notwithstanding the great abuse that has been put upon the gentry, there is now in the town a man, who instead of creeping into a quart or pint bottle, will change himself *into a Rattle;* which he hopes will please both young and old. If this person meets with encouragement to this advertisement, he will then acquaint the gentry where and when he performs.

But notwithstanding all this exercise of wit and humour upon the credulity of the times, it seems, a foreigner still thought there was some room left for a further trial; he therefore published the following advertisement:—

To be seen, at Mr. Leader's, the Old Horse-shoe, in Wood-street, Cheapside, from nine till twelve, and from four to seven o'clock, lately brought from France, a full-grown Mouse alive, confined in a small two-ounce phial, the neck of which is not a quarter of an inch in diameter. This amazing creature hath lived in the phial three years and a half without drink, or any sustenance, but bread only. It cleans out its little habitation, and hath many other pretty actions, as surprising as agreeable; but particularly creates wonderful diversion with a fly, and is allowed to be an extraordinary curiosity, never before seen in England; at the expence of 6d. each person.

Note.—Gentlemen or ladies who don't chuse to come, it shall be carried to them, by sending a line to Mr. Leader.

A curious occurrence happened a short time since at Limehouse.—The wife of a poor man, of the name of Jasper, was much addicted to liquor; and whenever she could procure money used to decamp, and stay away as long as it lasted.—About a month ago, on her not reappearing, after a full week's absence, Jasper, his two sons, and two daughters, became alarmed for the

the safety of the fugitive. At the expiration of the tenth day, a neighbour of Jasper's informed him that his wife was lying at the bone-house, having been taken out of the Thames that moring in a very putrified state. Jasper, accompanied by his eldest son, went and claimed the body, which was put into a shell, and carried home. Being in very indigent circumstances, he was indebted to the assistance of a few charitable neighbours, in raising the sum of fifty shillings, when Mrs. Jasper was decently interred. Two days after, however, to the astonishment of Jasper and his family, a friend informed him that he saw his wife on the preceding day at Dartford, drunk, in the streets.—Jasper was accordingly induced to send one of his sons to Dartford, to inquire into this mysterious affair, where, to his horror and astonishment, he found his mother in the situation described; when she accompanied him home, swearing vengeance against her husband for his cruel treatment. The woman who was taken out of the river was the wife of another man.

Anecdotes respecting marriage. Sir J. M. had two uncles, who, when they were hard on seventy, were disputing in his presence as to the superior discretion of their marriages, both having lately married, the one a lady far stricken in years, the other a very young lady.—The uncle who had married the more experienced dame, had jeered the other on the ridiculousness of marrying so young a person, had threatened him with the ribaldry usually referred to on such occasions, and had particularly urged, that he could not expect more than the *half* of her to himself.' Sir J. was appealed to, who, with due reverence first expressed for both his aunts, begged leave to ask a question:—"Should his uncle Thomas be really cuckolded, which," says he, "is better; the *half* of a young woman, or the *whole* of an old one?" The elder uncle never appealed to him again.

A late bishop having married at 75, was pressed by his son to know his reason for marrying at so advanced a time of life. "Son," says he, "my reason is—I have done a foolish thing at 75, that I may not do a more foolish thing at four-score."

A Greenland Feast.—The following is a bill of fare of an entertainment given by some principal Greenlanders to a factor:—1. Dried herrings. 2. Dried sea-fish. 3. Boiled ditto. 4. *Mimiak*, a favourite dish, composed of half-raw and rotten fish. 5. Boiled willocks.—6. A piece of rotten whale's tail. This was the *bon bouche*, the haunch of venison to which the guests were principally invited. 7. Dried salmon. 8. Dried rein-deer. 9. A dessert of crowberries, mixed with the chyle from the maw of a rein-deer. 10. The same elegant confection enriched with train oil.

A few years ago, a traveller arrived at an inn in Liverpool, late in the evening. Being shewn into the room appropriated for gentlemen of the road, he, with great pomposity inquired, whether the travellers were all gone to bed?—"Yes, Sir," says the waiter, "except that gentleman," pointing to one at the other end of the room, apparently preparing to retire.—"Waiter," says the newly-arrived gentleman, "be quick, and let me have a cold fowl for my supper."—The cloth was immediately laid, the

the fowl brought in, and the gentleman lounged into his chair.—"Waiter, I say, cut up that there fowl." He did so. "Put the two wings and the breast on my plate." He did so. "Put some salt on my plate." He did so. "Cut the fowl on my plate into pieces."—This he did also.

The solitary Being before alluded to, having observed the proceeding of the *gemman*, now said—"John, let me have a cold fowl for my supper," imitating the manner of the lounger. The fowl was brought. John, being requested, cut it up, helped him to the breast and wings, salt, &c. and cut it into pieces for him. "John," said he, "put a piece into my mouth." John did so. "John, wag my jaws for me." John, being aware of the joke, complied with his request. The *gemman* immediately left the room, and was no more seen at that inn.

The following curious manuscript is in the possession of a person at Oldham, and bears date as follows: Anno Christi 1571, Anno Eliza Regina 13.—It seems to be a Knight of the Thimble's mode of disposing of his house.

"I Benjamin *ye* Tayleor surnamed of Murf' do ordayn that myn hous & all *ye* appurtaynanc now bein and lyin at Bangs or otherwyse the Syde of Bangs do & be Judggled for in *ye* following tyght and dextroys Manner—That there be & shall bee formed XII Tykets accordin to the Number of Months in *ye* Yere—That each Man or Women that Juddggles shall peye One Pece of Gould Markyed with *ye* Hede of our guid Ladye the Queen that *ye* Judgglers shall have one guid Tyket marked I, II, III, and so forth to *ye* end The guidest Judggler Man or Mayd shall ha' the House the warst o' *ye* Judgglers & the best save one shall have XLVIII gould Peces or thereabouts One Judggler XXX one XX one X & one V—The rest of the Judgglers shall have one Pece of guid Oxen and one huge Cabbidge of myne own growth, and one Horn of true Beer. Each Judggler shall then peye XLVII gould Pieces, more to me for myne House & to depart peaceably."

One friend speaking to another about a person who lived upon charity, and occupied the ready-furnished first floor of a respectable house; said, he thought it must be *too high* for a person in his circumstances.—"Oh no," replied the other, "not at all; the garret would be considerably *higher*, and yet better adapted to his means."

A poor fellow being told by his acquaintance that he should always find him a *ready friend*; the other answered—"Sir, if it is the same to you, I had much rather find you a *friend with the ready*."

The following is the literal copy of an advertisement that appeared in the Ipswich Journal about twelve months since.

Timber Billy, of Poplar Hall, ever wishes to be kind to his neighbours and friends; begs leave to announce to them, that the eleven poplar trees taken down by him, *or order*, on the 28th of December, 1805, cannot be sold, as they are not altogether his property to dispose of.

N. B. If the above *gentleman* is from home, *Simple Simon*, his assistant on that day, may be heard of, by applying to the overseers of the parish of ———.

A young

A YOUNG lady just returned from boarding-school, called on an old acquaintance of her father's, who immediately accosted her with—"Bless me, Miss, why you are grown *quite out of knowledge*.—The young lady instantly retorted, "I hope not, Sir, for I have been at school these seven years, for the sole purpose of increasing my stock of that very valuable commodity."

AN elderly person describing the situation of Mary-le-bonne Church some years back, before the immense additions to the metropolis had commenced, was asked if it was standing still. The ancient wag replied—"No doubt, Sir, for to the best of my knowledge and belief, it has not moved an inch since its first erection.

ON VIEWING THE UNITED GRAVES OF MR. PITT & MR. FOX.

HERE, almost hand in hand, repose,
Two "Great, Great Men," indeed!
Had they been friends before, God knows,
Our wounds had ceas'd to bleed.

Full twenty years, these heroes bright,
(Perhaps a trick of state)
Engag'd in most tremendous fight,
Concerning Britain's fate.

Placemen, the while, sat sly and snug,
And solemn in their places;
John Bull huzza'd each cornish hug,
And grinn'd at their grimaces.

Delighting in each boxing scene,
John gloried in the battle;
So may we please a child, I ween,
By giving it a rattle.

So an old woman left her cot,
To see two boar-cats fight;
When, lo! her hard-earn'd porridge-pot
Was robb'd of ev'ry mite.

WILLIAM I. of Prussia, had a taste above mediocrity in painting. He used to show his paintings, and they were of course admired.—"How much do you think this might *sell for?*" said he, one day to his courtiers. "At a *hundred ducats*, Sire."—"It would be *dog cheap*," replied one of them.——"Well," said William, who loved money, "I will give it to you for *fifty*, because I see you are a *good judge*, and am happy to do you a *pleasure*." The poor courtier, obliged to carry away, and, what was worse, to pay for this miserable daubing, resolved in future to be more circumspect in his praises.

A YOUNG girl, who had not the courage to refuse a husband who was offered to her, although she disliked him, being asked—"You will marry him then?" "Me marry *him!* it is quite enough that he marries *me!*

FONTENELLE, at the age of 97, after saying many amiable and gallant things to the young and beautiful Madame Helvetius, passed before her, in order to place himself at table.—"See," said Madame Helvetius, "how I ought to value your gallantries; you pass before me without looking at me." "Madame," said the old man, "*If I had looked at you I could not have passed.*"

SIR Walter Raleigh says, that the difference between a rich man and a poor man is this—the former eats *when he pleases*, and the latter *when he can get it*.

A BUTCHER being asked what was meant by the words *bona fide*, answered—"I suppose it is a brother of the cleaver that sells more *bone* than flesh."

WHEN

When the Theatre in Goodman's Fields was opened, a certain comedian, who well knew an Englishman's love of curiosity, advertised in all the papers—"For the entertainment of the Morocco Ambassador and his retinue."

To represent these illustrious personages, he hired four of the most ill-looking, hard-featured Irish chairmen he could get; made their countenances more fierce with whiskers, and darkened their complexion with walnut juice. Having dressed them in character, and placed them in an odd-fashioned coach with three or four of the same country metamorphosed in the same manner behind it, the cavalcade, as it passed through the city, drew along with it a great concourse of people, and consequently produced, as the manager wished, a crowded house. The four chiefs were seated conspicuously in the stage-box, with their attendants behind them, to the admiration of the audience. They sat quietly for some time, till at last they could not help jabbering to one another in the Irish language; which, however, passed off very well to those within hearing, for the Morisco. At last they grew impatient for want of drink, till they were supplied with repeated pots of porter, which they tossed off, to the great joy and astonishment of the spectators, who said to one another—"Mind how they swig our English beer; they have none such in their own country."—Towards the end of the play, the fumes of the liquor made them so far forget the dignity of their characters, that they began to fall out among themselves, as if they were quarrelling about a fare! Nothing was heard now but—"tunder a noons—arrah, by Jasus, &c." At length, as it were to crown all, his Excellency the Ambassador, called out—"If Maaster will give lafe, by St. Patrick we'll have a tight set-to upon the stage, before all the paple." The consequence need scarcely be mentioned: the audience, enraged at the affront put upon them, tore up the benches, cut the scenes, threshed the performers; and the sham ambassador, with his mock retinue, were taken before a magistrate, and committed to Clerkenwell Bridewell.

OPERA-HOUSE MASQUERADE.

On Thursday evening, the 5th inst. the King's Theatre in the Haymarket was metamorphosed into the Masquerading Temple of Heydegger. The thrilling tones of the Catalani, the comic extravagance of the inimitable Buffo, Naldi, the fascinating gestures of Parisot, the sweet smile of Cranfield, and the elegant activity of Deshayes, were superseded by a motley inundation of Cyprians, Sailors, Watchmen, Harlequins, Clowns, Flats, Sharps, and Pick-pockets!

The high tide of fun and merriment was about the hour of one, when the theatre resounded with shouts of hilarity. Dominos, as usual, were prevalent; but the following characters were extremely well supported:—

A *Sylvester Daggerwood*, from the Dunstable Theatre, distributed so many tickets, that he must have a very crowded benefit; but, like many other celebrated performers, he made nothing of his part.

A *Watchman* was so extremely vociferous, that he received a blow, which caused a purple effusion from the olfactory nerves; upon which

Dogberry exclaimed—"Past three o'clock, and a *bloody* morning."

A *Politician* was so noisy, that it was feared he was *run mad;* and there were so many *puppies* present, that the ladies were in dread of the *hydrophobia;* more particularly as the *animals* seemed very much averse to *drinking water.*

Mother Goose cackled very well, and *hatched* much amusement.

An *Irish peer* was told, that he was all *blarney.*

A *convivial Duke* amused himself with the frail fair, notwithstanding an admonition of—"Jockey of *Norfolk*, be not too bold."

A *sporting Lord* swore to a lady, that he was ready both to "SAY and SEAL."

Lord M. and his two brothers appeared as the "*three Mr. Wiggins's.*"

A *fair Creole* from Brighton, was as cunning as a *Fox;* and the *Brewer's chere amie* worried the waiters for *sweet wort.*

A *dashing actress* exclaimed to a youthful baronet, as a clown—"a murrian seize thee, *Gilbert*, thou must be warm in that *Heath-coat.*

A female *Smuggler of Lace* was so pointed in her demands as a *dun*, that several ladies were alarmed at the supposed detection of their extravagance, particularly those East of Temple-Bar!

It was observed, that the boxes never contained more than a pair at once; upon which a *Natural Philosopher* quoted from Tom Jones—"that love was never good company for more than *two at a time;*" and a *Schoolmaster* gravely observed—"*Speluncam, Dido et Dux Trojanus ad eandem deveniunt.*"

Notwithstanding the activy of Townshend, and other Bow-street officers, many watches, and even *hearts*, were *entrapped.* The supper, wines, and accommodation were excellent; and the company did not separate "until night's candles were burnt out, and jocund day stood tiptoe on the misty mountain's top."

SOMERVILLE AND TICKELL, ON HUNTING.

MR. EDITOR,

AMONGST the authors who have made the attractive pleasures of the chase the subject of their composition, there is one whose name I have never yet seen noticed in the pages of the Sporting Magazine, though highly worthy the attention of every polished sportsman. Tickell is the poet to whom I allude: a small but beautiful fragment of a poem on hunting has been left by him; and it is much to be regretted that it never was completed, or that any part has been lost. Dr. Johnson blames Somerville for having chosen blank verse for his two celebrated poems, the Chase, and Field Sports; this objection is done away in the lines of Tickell, for one of their beauties is the being written in very melodious rhyme. Somerville and Tickell were cotemporaries, being both of them born towards the latter end of the seventeenth century*. It is pretty evident, from comparing their compositions, that the first who wrote had been read by the other, though to say with certainty which of the two this was is not so easy, as we have no positive date affixed to the poem of either. In many parts of both are passages

* Tickell, in 1686—Somerville in 1692.

and

and ideas very similar. The commencement of Somerville's Chase is rough and uneven, not unlike the rude blast of the "hoarse-sounding horn" he professes to make use of:

"The Chase I sing, hounds, and their
various breeds,
And no less various use."—

Tickell's first lines are infinitely more smooth and harmonious, though perhaps not so nervous as those of the Chase—

"Horses and hounds, their care, their
various race,
The num'rous beasts that range the rural
chase;
The huntsman's chosen scenes, his friendly stars,
The laws and glory of the Sylvan wars;
I first in British verse presume to raise,
A vent'rous rival of the Roman * praise."

After an invocation of Diana, Tickell proceeds to enumerate and describe the different species of hounds—

"See'st thou the gaze-hound, how, with
glance severe,
From the close herd he marks the destin'd
deer;
How ev'ry nerve the greyhound's stretch
displays,
The hare preventing in her airy maze;
The luckless prey how treach'rous tumblers gain,
And dauntless wolf-dogs shake the lion's
mane."

The epithets in these lines will, I think, be esteemed particularly happily chosen. It is well known that the gaze-hound derives his name from the peculiar keenness of his look: the "close herd," in allusion to the constant habit in a herd of deer, of clustering together on the approach of a dog. In portraying the blood-hound, Somerville undoubtedly bears away the palm far before Tickell, though the description of the latter is certainly not without elegance and nature—

"O'er all, the blood-hound boasts superior skill;
To scent, to view, to turn, and boldly
kill,
His fellow's vain alarms rejects with
scorn,
True to the master's voice and learned
horn:
His nostrils oft, if ancient fame sing true,
Trace the sly felon through the tainted
dew,
Once snuff'd, he follows with unalter'd
aim,
Nor odours lure him from the chosen
game;
Deep-mouth'd he thunders, and inflam'd
he views,
Springs on relentless, and to death pursues."

These lines swim harmoniously along; but the same notes, when sounded on the horn of Somerville, are infinitely more gratifying and attractive—

. . . . "Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage
wan
The plunder'd owner stands, and from
his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their
way.
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hounds he leads, then with
a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive
cheers:
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending plies
around;
His busy nose the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried.
Till conscious of the recent stains, his
heart
Beats quick; his snuffling nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy; then with deep-op'ning
mouth
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims

* Alluding probably to Grotius, whom he quotes as his motto.

Th' audacious

Th' audacious felon; foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the list'ning crowd
Applaud his reas'nings.—O'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues; till at the cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquisitely delicate his sense!"

Book i. 335.

What can be more evident than that one of these authors had read the other's composition, from these following lines?—

" Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain."

Somerville, b. ii. 145.

. . . . " Some hounds
Puff'd with conceit run gadding o'er the plain."

Tickell, line 41.

Numberless other passages might be adduced, to shew the similarity of ideas in the two works, as far as they go; but I shall content myself with noticing the description of the shape of a perfect hound, as given by both of these poets—

" Such be the dog I charge, thou mean'st to train,
His back is crooked, and his belly plain;
Of fillet stretch'd, and huge of haunch behind,
A tap'ring tail that nimbly cuts the wind;
Truss thigh'd, straight hamm'd, and fox-like form'd his paw,
Large legg'd, dry sol'd, and of protended claw;
His flat wide nostrils snuff the sav'ry steam,
And from his eyes he shoots pernicious gleam;
Middling his head, and prone to earth his view,
With ears and chest that dash the morning dew:
He best to stem the flood, to leap the bound,
And charm the Dryads with his voice profound;
To pay large tribute to his weary lord,
And crown the sylvan hero's plenteous board."

Tickell, line 69.

These lines of Tickell's may certainly be a judicious description of an excellent hound, but are very deficient in poetical beauty; the only tolerable line is borrowed from Shakespear's Midsummer Night's Dream.

Who does not prefer the following lines of Somerville, though they are blank verse? Who will not allow that they are infinitely more spirited and beautiful, and equally natural?—

. . . . " See there, with count'nance blithe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cow'ring; his wide-op'ning nose
Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments and humble joy;
His glossy skin, or yellow, pied, or blue,
In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs
Fleck'd here and there in gay enamell'd pride,
Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch;
On shoulders clean upright and firm he stands;
His round cat foot, strait hams, and wide spread thighs,
And his low dropping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,
Or far extended plain."

Somerville, b. i. 239.

This latter description is truly beautiful; and I confess, my ear would not feel more gratified, had there been " the jingle of rhyme" at the end of every couplet.

I am, Sir, your obedient and never-failing Reader,

VENANDI CUPIDUS.

CHARACTER OF SAMUEL CHIFNEY, ESQ.

MR. EDITOR,

IN a late paper I observed a notice of the death of the celebrated Mr. Chifney, in which, I know not by what mistake, (but probably an error of the press) he is called *Jockey*.

As it would be wrong to suffer this mistake to descend to posterity uncorrected, justice to his memory requires it to be told, that he was one of the most eminent CONVEYANCERS of his time; and that more property has been transferred by his practice than by that of the most laborious of the profession in our Inns of Court. This was, no doubt, owing in part to the ability he displayed in his professional engagements, but perhaps more to the wonderful *expedition* with which he *did the business* of those gentlemen who employed him. A *few minutes* were with him quite sufficient to make over an immense property, which would have cost the lawyers scores of weeks, or months, and many acres of parchment. Yet while outstripping all competition in this way, he was never known to admit any of those flaws or errors which render possession dubious or precarious. The *course* he took was that which generally tended most effectually to reach the main object. Amidst doubts and perplexities, he saw his way clearly before him, and pursued it with an ardour which *distanced* all competition. Popular, however, as he was in this line, it must be allowed that his employers did not commission him to do business for them, without much circumspection.—Besides the recommendations of persons of judgment, his merits were well *weighed* before they intrusted him either with money, *plate*, or landed estates.

It cannot be a matter of surprise, if such unbounded confidence sometimes made him vain. He might well be vain of the easy familiarity with which he was treated by persons of the highest rank. It could not but be very flattering, that he had often the eyes of half a senate fixed upon him, and that they who could not enjoy this happiness, read of his exploits with an impatience and ardour which is often denied to heroes and statesmen.

His temperance was most exemplary. He often practised abstinence to a degree that made it be believed that he had much to answer for. But those who knew him best, considered this rather as a matter of personal convenience than of conscience. He studied his health that he might not be burthensome to those he was most closely connected with; and avoided every thing that had a tendency to pamper the flesh, or to lessen the *weight* he had attained by a punctual discharge of his duty.

He possessed a singular acuteness of understanding. Without the parade of a long train of argument, he comprehended, as if by instinct, the instructions given him, and readily took a hint, where circumlocution might have been unnecessary, or explanation improper. Although of a highly animated turn, and not easily overtaken, he has been known to restrain himself in a most wonderful manner, and to yield the superiority while he seemed to be struggling for victory.—Like other wise men, he knew the value of delay, and the motto on some of his *rings* was

" Cunctando restituit rem."

His

His manners, though professional, were without pedantry. He never affected to speak above the level of his hearers. He understood the terms of *breeding* perfectly, and knew how to deal with the ignorant and the *knowing*.

Of his lesser accomplishments, he was a master of the science of *pedigree*, and the only branch of it that is now thought of any value. He was often consulted in the forming of tender connections. In the union of the sexes, he not only discouraged the alliance of age with youth, or debility with vigour, but was a decided enemy to the contamination of noble *blood* with any mixture of the low or degenerate kind. It must be owned, indeed, that he sometimes promoted unions that had not received the sanction of the church, but his extensive usefulness in the way of his profession, and his attention to his *betters*, enabled him to live on pretty good terms with many of the clergy, particularly those of Cambridge and York.

His charities were so extensive, that few persons have been known to convey more money into the pockets of the poor. In this virtue, however, his system has been sometimes confined, and some writers on the subject have doubted whether he did not *create* as many poor as he *relieved*. The truth, however, was, that he had long contemplated the evils arising from unbounded wealth, and therefore was induced to fix a price upon experience, which was thought to be too high by all, except those who paid it.

His *race*, however, is now *run*; and whatever his failings, he will be long remembered as one who taught with success the uncertainty of all earthly possessions, and to whom there are few families of rank who do not owe their present estimation in the opinion of the world, as well as the character they are desirous of handing down to posterity.

A DEAD SHOT.

Boasting, or lying, never mind the name,
Inspite of fashion, they are still the same.

MR. EDITOR,

AS an old sportsman, permit me to express my disapprobation through the medium of your interesting publication, of the conduct of those *would-be marksmen*, who are continually boasting of exploits they never performed, and imposing on every company they happen to mingle with, by a relation of the shots they have had, and the game brought down by their superior skill in the terreflegiac art; when it frequently turns out, that their great adventures are merely the coinage of the brain.

During a ramble a short time since, with my dog and my gun, I stopped at a house by the road-side for refreshment. I had not been long seated over my jug of brown ale, before a farmer's man entered with a broad grin on his countenance, and I heard him tell the landlord that he had just observed a very pleasant circumstance.—"A gentleman," said he, "just now crossing farmer Adams's field, bought a hare of our man Robin; and what do you think he did with it?" continued the rustic; "why, he took the dead puss, laid her in the hedge, and fired some shot at her; he then took the animal up, and I suppose means to tell his friends that he shot it himself."—The man had scarcely finished his story,

story, before the cockney sportsman entered the inn with his hare. We all began to chuckle at the idea of roasting him, and a gentleman in company made many merry remarks on the beauty of the creature, and the fairness of the shot; which induced the new comer to relate the excellent sport he had met with during the morning, and with the most unblushing effrontery to assert, that he had started the hare, and shot her after the run of a mile. Being, as I have before declared, an enemy to these boasters, I immediately offered to bet him a rump and dozen that *he* had not killed the hare that day. My opponent was rather astonished at my confidence, but thinking himself secure, accepted the wager. I then made the landlord procure the man who had sold the hare, and the fellow who saw the "Dead Shot," as we may fairly term it, both of whom confronted the gentleman, and he was at last forced by the burning blush of shame, to own the deception, and to pay the wager.

It is astonishing to me, Mr. Editor, how persons apparently tenacious of honour, and ever solicitous of being thought gentlemen, can descend to a vice disgraceful to a ploughman. Though but little evil may arise to society from a propensity so vulgar, this is certain, the conduct of the boaster is disgusting to men of sense, and attaches to him the proverbial saying—"A liar is hardly to be believed, though he may speak the truth."

If this instance of boasting detected, is likely to prove the means of deterring persons from descending to the ungentlemanly practice of lying to support their sportive tricks, it will afford great satisfaction to Your's, &c. ACTÆON.

AN EXTRACT FROM ECKSTEIN's REMARKS ON SWEDEN.

IF the inhabitants were industrious above what necessity forces them to, they might at least have corn sufficient of their own; but, as things are managed, they have not, nor can they subsist without great importations of all sorts of grain; and notwithstanding these supplies, the poorer sort in many places remote from traffic are forced to grind the bark of birch trees to mix with their corn and make bread, of which they have not always plenty. The cattle, as in other northern countries, are generally of a very small size, neither can the breed be bettered by bringing in larger from abroad, which soon degenerate, because in summer the grass is much less nourishing than in the place from whence they came; and in the winter they are usually half-starved for want of fodder of all kinds, which often falls so very short, that the farmers are forced to unthatch their houses to keep a part of their cattle alive. Their sheep bear a very coarse wool, only fit to make clothing for the peasants. The horses, especially of Finland, though small, are hardy, vigorous, strong, sure-footed, and nimble trotters, which is of great use to them, because of the length of their winters, and their fitness for sleds, which is their only carriage in that season; and the soldiers pretend, that in war they are not only able to resist, but to break a body of German horse. Of wild beasts they have great plenty; and no country to the northward is better able to accommodate the sportsman or hunter than this: their bears, elkes, deer, and hares, are

are pursued for their flesh; their wolves, foxes, wild cats, &c. for their furs and hides.

They hunt with less ceremony than is elsewhere practised, taking all advantage to shoot their game, at which they are generally very expert: parks they have but few, and meanly stocked, the charge of feeding deer all the winter exceeding the profit. There are no rabbits in this country except what are brought in for curiosity. In winter their foxes and squirrels change colour and become greyish, but hares turn as white as the snow they pace; and the sportsmen find much difficulty in obtaining this delicacy. Fowl, both wild and tame, are very abundant and good of their kind, except their sea fowl, which feed on and taste of fish: the most common are *orras* and *keders*; the former the bigness of a hen, the latter of a turkey. They have plenty of partridges, and of a bird somewhat resembling them, called a *yerper*. In winter are taken great numbers of small birds, as thrushes, black-birds, and *sydenscwans*, the last of the bigness of *veldefares*, but better meat, supposed to come from Lapland or yet farther north, and have their name from the beautifulness of their plumage, some of which are tipped at the point with scarlet. The wood pigeon is very rare, because of the hawks; and of the house pigeon they have none, because their food is scarce, and the danger, if they go abroad, of the eagles and other rapacious birds. The principal lakes of Sweden are the *Wetter*, the *Wenner*, and *Maeler*; the first, in *Ostrogothia*, is remarkable for fore-telling storms, by a continual thundering noise the day before in that quarter whence they arise; as also for the sudden breaking of the ice, which sometimes surprises travellers, and in half an hour becomes navigable. Their rivers are stored with fish of great variety; salmon, pike, perch, tench, trout, eels, and many other sorts unknown in other parts, of which the most plentiful is the *streamling*, a fish less than a pilcher, taken in great quantities, salted in barrels, and distributed over all the north of Europe.

THE LATE CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

MR. EDITOR,

THE renovated spirits of the adm—st—n, on discovering the flourishing state of our resources, which, on their first entrance into office, ignorance had led them to descry as at the lowest ebb, have produced in the first min—st—l circles a delirium of delight. The ebullitions of pleasure arising from this circumstance, as well as from the success of certain manœuvres at the late election, overflowing at the present joyous season, have naturally taken the shape of Christmas Gambols, a few of which I have been favoured with an account of, through the kindness of one of the party, who having, *at present*, no other means of paying me a considerable debt, sometimes honours me with official chit-chat. At a very merry meeting a few evenings since at the Adm—lt—y, when the dignity of senatorial rank had yielded to the incessant attacks of the juice of the grape, and reflection on the momentous crisis of the country had been banished by repeated bumpers, the good old customs of our forefathers were commented on, and at length introduced. Before I proceed, however, I must defend myself

myself against the cavilling of those who may refuse credit to the assertion that such great statesmen should descend to the games of children. To this I can only reply, but I hope satisfactorily, by asking whether every one of the measures proposed and executed by the present adm—n, since their assuming the seals of office, have been ought but *puerilities?* But to proceed—*Puss in the Corner* was proposed by Lord H——k, it being a game of which that nobleman is particularly fond. Athough the proposition was opposed by some of the party, it appeared to meet the wishes of the majority, and accordingly the whole assemblage, with abundance of noise, commenced the gambol. Lord G—— and Mr. Secretary W——, being formerly much practised at this amusement, were particularly successful in retaining possession of a corner; and although several vicissitudes occurred, such as Mr. B—th—st changing with Mr. Sh—d—n, and L—d S—dm—th wavering here and there in search of a corner, the game terminated, after much noisy merriment, leaving poor Mr. Wh—tb—d, as puss, without any corner. L—d T—m—le, being remarkably bulky behind, was not to be tempted to remove from his seat, however alluring might be the chance of a different chair.

Hunt the Jack Boot, an improvement on *Hunt the Slipper,* was next suggested by L—d S--dm--th, which produced much jocularity, and much disappointment: L—d G—nv—le was at length declared the favourite holder of the jack-boot. Mr. Sh—d—n proposed playing at soldiers, to which Mr. S—y Wind—m peremptorily objected; but offered to box any one of the party for a year's cheese-parings. Cards were at last introduced as a change, still preserving the old English games. How Mr. Pl—m—r, the Counsel, got in, I know not, but he sat down to "*beat the knave out of doors,*" with the *Treasurer of the N—y,* who, with sorrow I relate it, was compelled to yield to his forensic opponent. The first Lord of the T—s—y was very anxious to play at *Brag;* after which, taking a pool at quadrille, he discovered himself to be an *Ombre.* The Ch--ll--r of the E—q—r the whole evening amused himself with *building card houses,* and with push-pin. The amusements of the evening concluded with *laugh and lie-down.*

I am, Sir, Your's, &c.

Farmer Flamborough.

P. S. The Lord C—ll—r was not present the latter part of the evening, he having left the party for a ball at Lady N—th's, his Lordship being an elegant dancer.

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE leaders of the *Pic-Nic* society, disappointed in their dreams of *Private Theatricals,* have turned their thoughts to *music* and *dancing.* In these times of peril and danger, when every man should be at his post, and the GREAT especially should, for their own sakes, endeavour to conciliate all descriptions of Britons, these silly people invite the *privileged orders* to draw a line around them, over which the men of science, professional men of the most splendid talents, or the opulent merchant, shall not step. Among other inducements to join this scene of *refined* luxury, every *lady* is allowed to nominate the *gentleman* whom she

she wishes to recommend! There are also to be *other* conveniences, which the *modesty* of the leaders does not permit them to mention.

Indeed, the present rage for *private* amusements exceeds any thing ever witnessed. A minor Theatre has lately been built, for the purpose of *this* description of performance, in Catherine-street. The actors are shop-boys, clerks, and apprentices, who form themselves into companies.

Of the *female* members of these associations we shall speak gently; some of them may be seen nightly in the purlieus of *Covent Garden*, and others are, we learn, on their passage to *Botany Bay!*

Each member of a company pays to the proprietors of the Theatre 7s. every night of his performance; for which he is furnished with dresses, and every requisite for the *business of the stage*. The use of the scenery, machinery, &c. &c. is also included in this charge. He has likewise the liberty of giving admission to three or four persons on the nights of performance. There is also a few *private* subscribers, who do not feel disposed to "*strut the hero*" on the stage, that pay their subscription merely to be entitled to a few tickets of admission.

The Theatre at the Lyceum, in the Strand, is likewise engaged three or four times a-week for similar purposes, and by a similar set of people. There is also another Theatre of this description in Berwick-street, Soho. These Theatres are usually thronged every night of performance beyond all conception. Of the performance it is impossible we can say much, as our patience has always been exhausted, and our disgust so completely marked before the conclusion of any performance we have ever yet witnessed, that we have always found it difficult to remain till the curtain dropped; and the spectators, generally speaking, are much on a *par* with the actors. We may perhaps, however, at some future opportunity, take notice of some of the most able of these *would-be actors*, in order that their *name* and *abilities* may be *handed down to posterity*. How far it may be proper and advisable to *suffer* these *schools* for *folly* and *idleness* to exist, remains for the magistrates, or rather their superiors, to determine.

FASHIONABLE DISTINCTIONS.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE often wondered that nature should commit such a great oversight in not establishing proper distinctive marks for the various ranks of society. If things had been so arranged that all in a certain circle, our *fashionables*, for example, should be tall, slender, handsome, and elegant; and that all who were translated from an inferior sphere to this upper region, should instantly acquire these qualifies, there could be little difficulty in distinguishing a person of fashion from the vulgar. But unluckily, nature has neglected to make any such provision. We have the short, the squat, the crooked, the clumsy, the awkward, and the boobyish, even at Mrs. T——'s routs, and the Countess of K————'s suppers.—There is, indeed, a particular *air* which is said to distinguish those who move in a certain region, and to be altogether unattainable beyond its boundaries. Such, however, are the effects of imitation in the circles below, and such the unkindly nature of some of the materials

rials which fashion has to work upon, that even the initiated are often unable to trace a brother fashionable by his air.

The members of the *haut ton* have therefore been obliged to supply the defects of nature by their own ingenuity; and hence arises the numerous refined contrivances which are daily invented, to separate the pure region of fashion from the gross atmosphere that hovers round it. Dress and equipage were formerly considerable badges of distinction; but the rich citizens, incited by a laudable ambition, soon broke through their old restraints of economy, and deference to their betters; and Mrs. Flounder, having transferred her residence from Cornhill to Cavendish-square, it was no longer possible to discover her origin, either from her jewels or her liveries. This barrier being thus broken down, an immense gap was left in the fences of the fashionable world, through which multitudes from Change-alley, and even Pudding-lane, are daily forcing an entrance.

Rich dresses were now given up; and it was resolved that the intruders, by being deprived of ornament, should be exposed to derision in their native vulgarity. A rapid succession of whimsical fashions, and something new for every day, now distinguish the ladies of the *ton*. The industrious directresses of the *Magazins des Modes*, however, rendered all these measures abortive; for the *nobodies* were never above a day behind in their imitations, and the very waiting-maids were apt to be mistaken for their mistresses. The ladies of the first fashion, indeed, some time since made a bold effort, in which they thought none of the little could have the assurance to follow them; and, in order to set all competition at defiance, actually appeared in public somewhat more than *half naked.*— The enterprise, however, was not attended with that success which its boldness merited; for instantly the whole necks, arms, shoulders, and bosoms, in the kingdom, were thrown open to the eye of the gazer. It is but yesterday that I cheapened a pair of gloves with a little damsel, who, in point of *nakedness*, might have vied with any duchess in the land.

The male fashionables have, indeed, adopted a more vigorous mode of revenge, for the encroachments made upon their dignity in the way of dress. They have begun by direct acts of retaliation; and, as their valets and grooms had most impudently aspired to their dress and manners, they have, in their turn, usurped the garb and habits of these *gentlemen*. Is is not to be doubted that this vigorous measure will have its due effect; for a groom must be exceedingly mortified to find so little gratification to his vanity in rising to his master's level.

But it is in their amusements that the fashionables have made the most strenuous efforts to preserve their circle inviolate; and their zeal has at length been rewarded with success. As long as the Theatres, or Astley's, or the Circus, or Sadler's Wells, or, in short, any place which offers the least entertainment, is to be found, there is no danger that the fashionables will be followed by the crowd to the Opera-House. There they may in perfect security enjoy their *tête-a-têtes* and their scandal, and perhaps listen at a few intervals to the Queens and Kings, who are torturing their vocal organ in wonderful modes, to draw an inspiring *bravo! bravissimo!*

Other

Other methods of distinction have been devised with equal zeal and ingenuity. The fashionables, perceiving that the vulgar were contented to have the stage and orchestra filled with professional people, determined to make this a ground of distinction, and thenceforwards to *play and fiddle* for themselves, with the addition of a *Pic-Nic* supper. The crowd, however, who were scrupulously shut out, could not endure that heroes and heroines should be stabbed and poisoned in the ordinary way without themselves having any part in the amusement. The hue and cry was therefore set up with such fury, that the fashionables were obliged to put an end to their *mysteries*, lest they should be actually violated by profane hands. The other resource of *amateur* concerts, is by far more advisable, and will be found perfectly secure. The crowd cannot be prevailed upon, even by their desire of appearing fashionable, to listen whole nights to the enchanting Signora *Squallanté*, uttering unknown words and unknown sounds; and surely it is far less to be apprehended, that they will be seized with any irresistible inclination to drink up the melodies of Lady *Louisa Thrum*, and the Honourable Mr. *Hum*.

To do justice to the taste and ingenuity of the *great*, there is something in all their pleasures, which distinguishes them from those of the *little*. The form, indeed, is soon copied by the latter; and there are routs and card-parties found in every quarter as idle and insipid as any in Portman-square. The little, however, on those occasions, pay some attention to the *convenience* of their guests, and make some calculation of the *size* of their rooms, before they issue their cards. The great, on the contrary, invite *all the world*; and the hostess is rendered the happiest creature in the universe, if there is not a single corner in her rooms where a living creature can sit, stand, or walk, with comfort. A *squeeze* certainly formed a very agreeable variety, amidst the languor of a rout; but since the accompaniment of *hot suppers* has been introduced, it has not been found altogether so pleasant. Every one has heard of the affair in ——— Street, where two hundred fashionables were pent up in the corners of the supper-room, and had nothing to do but to look on, and make wry faces, while their fellow guests made away with the chickens, and swept off the green pease without mercy. On talking of the affair to a young lady who was present, she said, with much emphasis, that she had seen all the delicacies of the season there.

Great revolutions may be expected to arise in the fashionable world from these circumstances; it is whispered that the ladies *en bon point* will be quickly out of all repute; and the price of vinegar and salad is in consequence about to experience an extravagant rise.—A very fashionable lady, who has as much money as she can spend, and consequently many more guests than she can well accommodate, has devised a very pretty method of preventing inconvenience, by introducing a fresh supper and a fresh set of guests at certain intervals, till the whole have partaken of the pleasures of the supper-room. It is said that this lady, who has discovered such a tasteful method of prolonging a party, has resolved to improve still farther on the idea; and is to have such a crowd of fashionables, that the supper-rooms shall be replenished with new guests and delicacies every two hours, and

yet

yet the entertainment will extend through the whole four-and-twenty.

Such a plan is truly grand, and there is no danger of its being imitated by the little. It is only to be regretted, that it must necessarily give rise to a number of *eclipses*. An eclipse in the fashionable world is a temporary obscurity, in which those who have no perennial mints in Lombard-street, find it convenient to shroud themselves. When all the old woods have disappeared, when trades-people become importunate, and the Jews saucy, and when therefore it is no longer practicable to see one's friends by hundreds, a fashionable retirement is the resource. The little, in these circumstances, would begin to retrench, and think of only having ten guests where before they had twenty. But this is out of all rule in the circle of fashion; one must never seem less than he has once been. It is indeed a very easy affair to disappear from the fashionable world, as no one thinks more of the matter, till the absentees find it convenient again to emerge in all their glory. Whoever thought of the charming Mrs. ——, during her last eclipse? And yet what parties are more frequented than her's, since she re-appeared? Her spirit indeed deserves the highest commendation; for it is well known that she mortified two whole years in an old castle, in order to enjoy her present blaze; and it is allowed her parties yield to none, either in superiority of numbers or splendour, although the flash of the season must immediately be followed by another eclipse. Fashionable happiness is indeed something quite beyond the comprehension of the vulgar.

But of all the means by which the great set the little at a distance, there are none so effectual as trampling with contempt on certain restrictions, which the little are compelled to observe with reverence.—Those old crabbed fellows, the *Laws*, indeed, in this age and nation, are extremely unpropitious to the distinctions of high life; a lord and his tradesman are quite on a level in Westminster-Hall, nor have the surly jurors civilization enough to acquit a person on the plea of his being a man of fashion. But in spite of these untoward circumstances, there is still a sufficient degree of respect paid to morals and religion among the *nobodies*, to afford considerable distinction by breaking through all their restraints; and a man of high fashion may be profligate and profane far beyond what his inferiors can openly venture. The vulgar, indeed, advance with rapid strides in the footsteps of their betters: they have also their affairs at Doctors' Commons, their E. O. table, and their Sunday gambols; but things must with them be done in as private a way as possible, for they know that the *Society for the Suppression of Vice* is every where at their heels.

NEW PROPHECIES FOR 1807.

IN the course of this year a great many ladies will catch cold, for want of clothing, while others will carry their whole wardrobe on their back, and yet be starved to death.

Many chimneys will be carelessly set on fire, for which servant maids will be warmly reprimanded with the blazing oratory of their mistresses: some commotions and revolutions in family circles will be occasioned.

A number

A number of shops and houses will be broken open, and a deal of valuable property stolen; after which it will be easy to discover what a remissness there has been in the fastening of doors and shutters, and your wiseacres will attend to their bolts, bars, and watch-dogs, in future.

Three or four young ladies of good property or expectation, will fall violently in love with young men of neither property nor expectation; and some dreadful disappointments will happen on both sides, which will verify the old saying, "when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window."

Several coaches carrying too many outside passengers, will be overturned, and some of them will be severely bruised, but when the parties commence actions for redress they will generally obtain damages.

Several young children will put their eyes out with scissars, and some nurses will be the cause of broken backs; the conduct of servants will be severely reprimanded by old maids particularly, who vow they will never trust any of the children *they* may have out of their own sight.

The general topic of tea-table conversation will be the plague of servants, that they are above their work, and that they dress as fine as their mistresses.

Several capital failures will happen in the course of this year, and when the affairs of the bankrupts come to be investigated, it will appear they should never have cut nor supported the figure and consequence they did; the downfal of these would-be great, will afford high entertainment to those who envied them, and are not sufferers in the general calamity; they will examine their plate, linen, and furniture, when it comes to the hammer, and it will be a high treat to invective declaimers at a pool table.

A few distant invitations to card parties will be given, and when the time of their meeting arrives, it will be the surprise of some, and the condolence of others, that such a one is dead and buried, poor woman! who was to have been here.

Two or three duels may occur, where the parties have missed fire, never meaning to hit each other; and one or two where the consequences are more serious, the parties may be tried at the Court of Sessions, but the laws of honour will prevail in favour of their acquittal.

A general taste for the reading of novels will prevail, and many will get up late in the morning, because they went to bed late at night.

Some thousand sermons will be preached and not attended to, and many that are attended to will not be understood.

Some deaths will happen from an over-gormandizing stomach, and some for want of bread to eat.

It will be the fashion for ladies to wear no pockets, and a variety of circumstances may occasion some men to need none.

Many old maids who have lost all the vigour of youth and the charms of beauty, will revile at and condemn the frivolities of the present age; long heads have but short memories in these cases.

Several dashing fellows will play a high game at hazard and speculation, when they have nothing to lose, and infamously defraud a set of incautious creditors; they will assume the consequence of a flourishing capital, by a certificate

they

they carry about them, called impudence.

Great preparations will be made for travelling excursions, but little pains taken to prepare for that journey, *from whence there is no returning*.

THE

BOHEMIAN FORTUNE-TELLER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

AN Austrian officer, named the Baron de W——, who served with the Hussars of Czekler, in the last war against the Turks, resided a few years since at B——. He loved to recount the extraordinary events which had occurred during his campaign, from which we have selected the following, as most worthy of commemoration, and shall give it in the words of the Baron himself.

"It was in the spring of the year 1788, that I quitted Miclos-Var, in Transylvania, to conduct several recruits to my regiment, which, at that time was posted in the environs of Orsawa. In a village contiguous to the army lived a Bohemian woman, who supported herself by selling provisions to the soldiers. My recruits being extremely superstitious, requested her to tell their fortunes. I laughed at their credulity, and, by way of ridicule, held out my hand to the Sibyl. "*The 20th of August*," said she to me, in a very solemn tone, and without adding a syllable more. I entreated her to be explicit, but she only repeated the same words; and as I retired to my tent, exclaimed in a voice still more emphatic—"*The 20th of August!*"—It may be easily believed, that this date made an indelible impression on my memory. We arrived at the army, and experienced our share of military danger and fatigue. It is well known that in this war the Turks made no prisoners. Their officers had engaged to give a ducat for every head that should be brought into the camp, consequently both Janissaries and Spakis were emulous to obtain the tempting prize. This arrangement was particularly fatal to our advanced post; scarcely a night passed, but the Turks came down in superior numbers in search of heads. Their expeditions were conducted with such secrecy and celerity, that they seldom failed in their design; and in the morning it was by no means unusual to discover a part of our camp guarded only by *headless bodies*. To counteract this species of warfare, the Prince de Cobourg ordered every night a strong detachment of cavalry without the lines to protect them. These piquets generally consisted of from one to two hundred; but the Turkish generals, irritated that their men should be disturbed in their traffic, sent to their assistance detachments still stronger and more numerous than our piquets, which, of course, produced to the Musselmen a still more plenteous harvest of heads. The piquet service thus became so hazardous, that it was thought prudent for an officer previously to his departure to make his will. Affairs continued in this state until the month of *August*. Several skirmishes had taken place, but without altering the position of either army. Eight days before the portentous 20th, I was surprised by the appearance of the Bohemian prophetess of whom I had frequently purchased provisions.—She entered my tent, and earnestly entreated

entreated that I would bequeath a legacy to be possessed by her in case I should die on the day she had predicted, in consideration of which, she engaged on her part that should I survive the eventful period, she would gratuitously present me with a hamper of Tokay, which at that time was very valuable in camp by reason of its scarcity. I really thought the woman had lost her senses. It was true that, in my circumstances, a sudden death was not at all improbable, but there was no reason to suppose that such an accident would occur precisely on the *20th of August*. I therefore agreed to the proposal, and staked two horses and fifty ducats against the Tokay of the antiquated sorceress. This merry bargain was drawn up and formally witnessed by the paymaster of the regiment.

"At last came the ominous *20th of August!* There was not the slightest symptom of an engagement; for though it was the turn of our regiment to furnish the piquet for the night, yet *two* of my comrades were in precedency to me. In the evening, just as the hussars were preparing to depart, the surgeon announced to the commandant, that the officer appointed to the piquet was suddenly seized with a dangerous malady. The next in rotation was immediately ordered to replace the invalid. Accordingly he quickly accoutred himself, and came to join his troop; but his horse, which had always been remarkably quiet, turned restive, and reared and plunged so violently, that his rider was dismounted, and had a leg broken by the fall.

It was now my turn, and on this mysterious *20th of August* I left the camp with my men, but candidly confess, my thoughts were not free from embarrassment. I commanded 80 men, and being joined by 120 from another regiment, my whole force amounted to 200. Our post was 1000 paces in front of the line upon our right wing, and close to us was a morass covered with very lofty reeds. We were without centinels. Our orders were not to dismount, but to remain during an hour and three quarters with sabres drawn and carbines cocked. Presently we heard loud cries of "Allah! Allah!" and the next minute all the horses of our first rank were thrown to the ground either by the fire or the attack of from 7 to 800 Turks, who also fell in equal numbers from the impetuosity of their own charge and the effect of our carbines. They were acquainted with the ground, and we were surrounded and defeated. The greatest confusion ensued, both sides cutting, thrusting, and firing at random. I received eight sabre wounds, some from the enemy, and some from my friends. My horse was mortally wounded, and falling upon my right leg, fixed me to the goary sand. This gloomy scene of massacre was only illumined by the flashes from the pistols, by the aid of which I occasionally saw my men defending themselves with the courage of despair; but the Turks, maddened with opium, made a most horrible slaughter. In a very little time, not a single Austrian was left standing. The conquerors took possession of the horses which remained serviceable, first pillaged the dead and wounded, and then proceeded to cut off their heads and put them into sacks, which they had brought for the purpose. My situation was far from enviable; being tolerably conversant with the Turkish language, I heard on all sides the enemy encouraging

encouraging each other to conclude their *decapitating* employment before the arrival of a reinforcement, and not to miss a *single head;* by which means they should obtain on their return about two hundred ducats. This proved them to be well informed of our numbers. In the hurly-burly, my horse, by a convulsive motion proceeding from another wound, left my leg at liberty: and I immediately conceived the idea of endeavouring to throw myself among the reeds of the morass. Many of our men who had attempted the enterprise had been detected; but the firing was relaxed, and the increased darkness encouraged me to hope success from the effort. I had only twenty paces to go, and after many desperate leaps, and overturning several Turks who tried to impede my progress, at last dashed safely into the morass. I heard a Turk exclaim, "An Infidel has escaped—let us seek him." Others replied, "It is impossible that he should be in the morass." I heard no more, for the loss of blood occasioned a fainting fit, in which I must have continued several hours; for when I recovered my recollection, the sun had been long risen. In this swamp I was up to the hams; my hair stood an end at recalling to my mind the events of the night, and my thoughts were completely occupied by the fatal *20th of August*. I counted my wounds to the number of eight; neither of them were dangerous, but consisted of flesh wounds by the sabre on the arms, back, and breast. The nights in this country being very cool, I wore a thick pelisse, which in some measure weakened the effect of the blows. I heard the groans of the mangled horses from the field of battle; with respect to the men, the Turks had left them *quiet enough!* I endeavoured to extricate myself from this unpleasant situation, and after an hour's struggle, at length succeeded. Though a Turkish war may be supposed to deaden all sensibility, I could not repress an emotion of fear at viewing the desolate scene around me. I advanced, and contemplated the field of slaughter; but what language can truly paint my horror at finding myself suddenly in the grasp of a gigantic Turk, upwards of six feet high, who had no doubt returned for the purpose of discovering whether any plunder had eluded his former search—never was any hope so cruelly deceived! I addressed him in the Turkish language—"Take my watch, my money, my uniform, but oh! do not kill me." He replied, "All your possessions belong to me, and I must have your head besides;" upon which he untied the string which fastened my hussar cap under my chin, and then loosened my cravat. I was unarmed and defenceless; at the least movement he would have plunged his immense cutlass into my bosom. In the most supplicating manner I embraced him by the middle of the body, and implored his clemency; but, regardless of my entreaties, he continued his occupation of baring my neck. "Pity me," I exclaimed, "my family is rich; take me prisoner, and you shall have a considerable ransom." "That process," he rejoined, "will be too tedious; only keep yourself quiet, that I may cut off your head;" and then he deliberately took out my shirt pin. He made no resistance to my embracing him, probably through reliance upon his superior strength, or a remaining spark of pity, which, however, the hope of a ducat for my head, entirely extinguished. As he

he took out my shirt pin, I felt something very hard at his girdle, it was an iron hammer! He repeated, "Be quiet," which were doubtless the last words I should have heard in this world, if the dread of so horrible a death had not induced me to snatch the hammer! He did not perceive it, and had already got my head in one hand and his cutlass in the other, when by a sudden motion I disengaged myself from his grasp, and with all my strength discharged the hammer, which was very heavy, at his face. The blow took effect—the Turk staggered—I redoubled the stroke, and letting his cutlass slip, he fell to the ground. It is needless to add, that I plunged the weapon several times into his body. I ran towards our advanced post, whose arms were glittering in the sun, and arrived in safety at the camp. My commander at first fled from me, as if from a spectre. I was soon seized with a burning fever, and carried to the hospital, whence, however, I returned to camp in about six weeks, entirely cured both of my malady and my wounds.—On my arrival I was visited by the Bohemian Fortune-Teller, who punctually paid me the *hamper of Tokay* she had lost. I was informed that during my absence many of her predictions had been precisely accomplished, by which she had obtained several handsome *legacies*. To me this seemed most astonishing!

At length there came to us two deserters from the enemy; they were Christians from Servia, who had been employed in carrying the baggage of the Turkish army, and had deserted to escape a punishment they had incurred. The very instant they saw the Fortune-Teller they recollected her, and declared, that she had frequently come by night to the Turkish camp, and discovered to the enemy the motions of our army. We were all amazed; for this woman had been serviceable to us on many occasions, and we often admired the dexterity with which she executed the most dangerous commissions. The deserters persisted in their accusation, and declared they had been present several times when she had revealed our positions to the Turks, had disclosed our schemes, and encouraged the attacks which had been made upon us; and that as a passport, she was furnished with a Turkish cypher. This convincing proof of her treachery being found upon her, the Bohemian Fortune-Teller was condemned to death as a spy!

Before execution, I interrogated her on the prediction she had made respecting me. She confessed, that acting as a spy to both armies, she received a double profit, and had frequently disclosed to each the intentions of the other. In fortune-telling she drew many anecdotes from the simplicity of the persons who consulted her, and not unfrequently was indebted to chance for the accomplishment of her predictions. In what regarded me, she said that it was to strengthen her influence that she fixed the period of my decease at so distant a date; and that as the time approached, she prevailed upon the Turks to attack the piquet of our regiment on the night of the 20th of August.—Understanding that there were two officers before me on the list for this service, she sold the first adulterated wine, which rendered him indisposed; and as the second was mounting, she privately insinuated into the nostrils of his horse a piece of burning charcoal, which produced the consequences before related.

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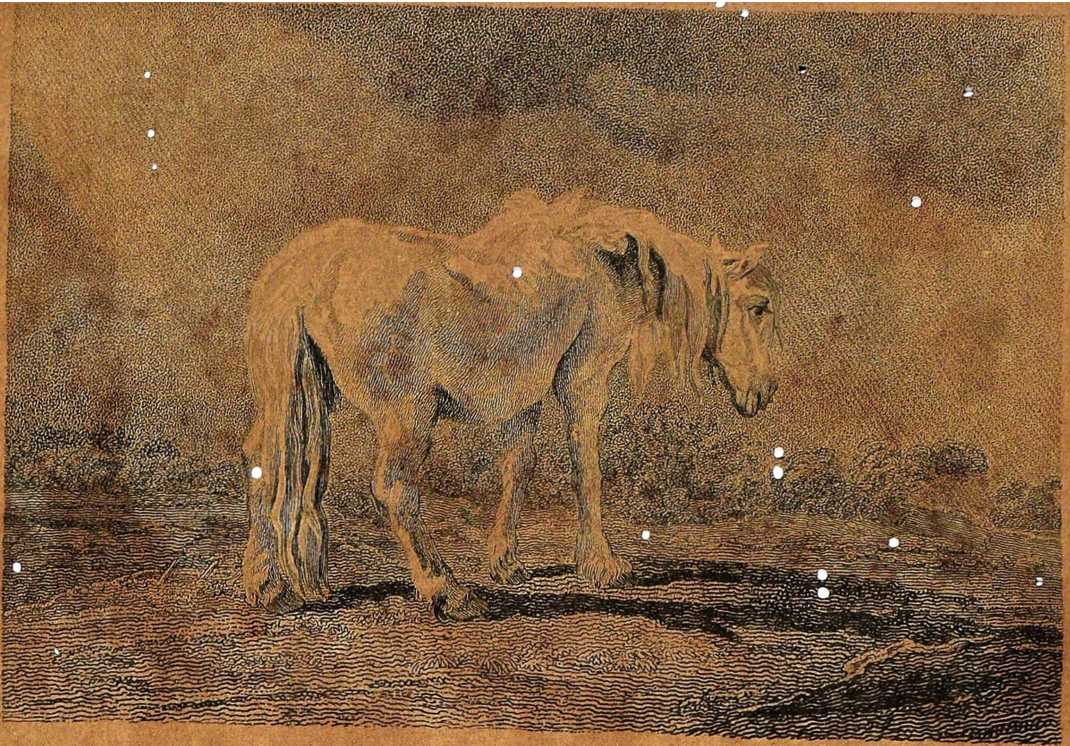

An Old Welch Poney.

Pub. March 2 1801, by T. Kelly, Warwick Square.

AN OLD WELCH PONEY.

An Etching.

THERE is a history belonging to this characteristic subject—a faithful Portrait of an Old Welch Poney—which, should we be favoured with, it shall appear in a future number of our Magazine. The Poney has been in the possession of a gentleman in Sussex for 36 years.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

NORBROOK RACES.

THESE races, we understand, are fixed for Wednesday the 1st of April next, in the neighbourhood of Bicester, Oxfordshire.—This annual meeting, established and supported by the gentlemen of of Sir Thomas Mostyn's hunt, is expected this year to afford a high gratification to every amateur of the turf. A Cup of 50gs value for the best, and 10gs in specie for the second, will be given to horses, &c. the property of farmers within the limits of the hunt; the best of three heats; to be rode by farmers.——There will also be a Sweepstakes for hunters, and another for hacks; to be rode by gentlemen. Should the day prove favourable, the company will doubtless be more numerous than it was last year; and it then exceeded every expectation that had been previously formed of it.

THE Earl of Derby has had several very good runs with his Stag-hounds this month. On Saturday the 21st, he turned out a hind on the side of the Oaks. His Lordship arrived on the ground at eleven o'clock, in a chaise and four, from London; and the Countess of Derby and several Ladies were present to see the deer turned out, and the hounds laid on. The deer took a direction for Woodmanton, then made a head to the right, and turned for Banstead, where she remained in the environs for some time, then bore away for Beggar's-Bush, turned to the right, and bore off for Riddlesdown, near Wallingham, where she was taken in a farm-yard, after a run of an hour and three quarters. The chase from Banstead was allowed by the sportsmen to be complete racing till the deer was taken.

SHOOTING.—The late season afforded much sport to Lord Rendlesham and his party, and proved unusually destructive to the game on his extensive manors, in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, the total number having amounted to 3795 head during the last week of the season. The account stood thus:—Monday, at Butley, killed 70 pheasants, 46 hares, besides partridges, woodcocks, and rabbits; on Tuesday and Friday they shot partridges only; on Wednesday, at Butley, again 80 pheasants, with other game; Thursday, at Whitmore Wood, 192 pheasants, with woodcocks, &c. and on the last day, 195 pheasants, besides hares, &c. &c.

ON Thursday the 19th instant, an extraordinary match was decided on the Ferrybridge road, between Mr. Welford's bay mare, six years old, and Mr. Campey's brown mare, aged, 11 stone each, 20 miles, for 40gs, which was performed by the former in one hour and a minute,

leaving her antagonist near three miles. They started from the guide-post at Tadcaster town end, and ran to the ten mile stone on the Ferrybridge road, and back again. The winner was purchased of Mr. John Furnish, coach-master, York, out of a straw-yard, only five weeks before.

A TRIAL was lately made to ascertain what a horse could draw on the railway, from the harbour of Ayr, to the Newton coal pits.—— Six waggons were loaded with three tons each, and the waggons exceeded two tons, making in all twenty tons. A cart horse was yoked, but in starting, the chain that bound the fifth waggon to the fourth, gave way, and the horse proceeded with the four waggons with ease; thus pulling a load of nearly fourteen tons.

COLONEL Thornton's lap-dog beagles threw off at Aldborough, near Boroughbridge, on the 26th ult. and after one of the most beautiful and true-run chases for near four hours, killed in a gallant style, amidst a numerous field of old sportsmen, who had many a good burst with the Colonel.

The Colonel was mounted on the well-known Esterhazy, who was much admired, and allowed by all judges to be the noblest and most valuable horse ever seen. His huntsman and whippers-in also on very superior horses; and one of the latter on Louisa, sister to Kill-Devil, (who beat Buckle riding the sister to Allegranti, over York) had some spinning leaps against Mr. Thompson of Minskip, riding his famous Jupiter mare. The whole afforded no small gratification to the foot people, and particularly to the spectators on the surrounding hills, as the kill finished very desirably in sight of almost all the company, and on the very spot where the well-known Capt. Andrew Wilkinson's Whin—noted for many a game fox—formerly stood. This gave the Colonel an opportunity he did not lose, of desiring the inhabitants of Aldborough to accept of some gold to drink to the memory of that very honourable family, "the best sportsmen of their day." And as some of the Colonel's soldiers were amongst the company, he hoped that the memory of honest John Smith, and the soldiers of the York, might not be forgotten.

ON Tuesday, Jan. 27, Colonel Thornton's stag-hounds unharboured a brace of male deer, in a cover called Colonel Thornton's Delight. They went off gallantly, bounded over the fences, and after a very sharp burst, Modish, of known celebrity, passed all the pack, and ran into view of the deer; and had not Lyland's Wood given the game so much advantage, one of them must have forfeited his life. The deer then divided, and after a run not easily to be equalled, certainly not to be surpassed, and a succession of *entapis* and views innumerable, the oldest deer was taken dead-run, but uninjured, except by one hold, and that slightly, by Modish, in the midst of all the company. This run was mostly in the sight of at least 150 people; and as the deer were unharboured at eleven o'clock precisely, and was taken at 49 minutes past two, at the pace the hounds went they must have run at least thirty-five miles. The company then were invited to a public breakfast on the following Friday, to try for another deer; but, alas, on the Colonel's return home to dinner with some of his tenants, the scene of festivity

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and conviviality was changed; as a letter, intimating a most melancholy event, (the death of the Colonel's sister) was opened and necessarily read. The tenantry, with becoming propriety and unfeigned sorrow, decently retired; of course all sporting ideas and plans previously formed, as far as related to the Colonel, ceased; orders were given to apprise the company invited, and the deer hunt was postponed.

The two foregoing articles appear to us to be a little *too highly finished*; our regard, however, for a gentleman so celebrated in the sporting world as the chief character therein mentioned, will not suffer us to omit their insertion.

Fox-hunting.—The run with Sir Gilbert Heathcote's hounds on Thursday the 12th instant, though not the longest, may be considered as one of the severest among the many they have had this season. They ran a burst of one hour and forty mintues, over a very heavy and inclosed country, with the exception of one check of about two minutes. On finding at Hardwick Wood, they went through Greetham, Stretton, and Morcry Woods, and then straight away to Osgodby Coppice, near Falkingham, where they changed foxes and were obliged to whip off. Two excellent hunters died the same evening; one of great value belonging to Capt. Crawford. The field consisted of upwards of sixty horsemen, out of which number not more than twelve were up when the chase ended.

Pigeon Shooting.—The shooting match, at fifteen pigeons each, for fifty guineas, between Messrs. Moreton and Withey, took place on Monday, the 2d instant, in a field near the Mitre Tavern, on the New Paddington Canal. From the celebrity of the candidates, a number of persons were present at the match, which however afforded but little diversion. Withey killed his first bird, and here his skill ended, for every other bird escaped him until he had fired ten times, when the stake was lost. Moreton hit his fourth bird and missed his fifth, and the other thirteen he killed with great dexterity. The match was decided when Moreton had killed his ninth bird, but he fired at the whole number, to decide bets.

On Monday, the 9th instant, another match of pigeon shooting took place in a meadow adjoining Hounslow Heath, between Mr. R. Davey, a farmer, near Beaconsfield, and Mr. Sandy, a shot of some celebrity. The match was for twenty guineas a side, at eleven pigeons each, to be turned out of a box 21 yards distance from the gun, which was not to carry more than two ounces of charge. Bets were nearly level on the event, until the fourth shot, when Mr. Davey became the favourite. Mr. Sandy missed his fourth and seventh, and hit his eleventh bird, which fell out of bounds, and his adversary missed his fifth and sixth birds, and killed the remaining nine; by which he won the match. The parties afterwards fired at sparrows, from a trap at fifteen yards distance, for ten guineas, which should kill the greatest number out of five. Each missed his first shot, and Mr. Davey won this match by killing his other four birds.

Canine Madness.—At the beginning of this disorder the dog generally hangs his head and tail, looks sullenly, leaves his companions,

nions, and hides himself in some unusual place; he breathes short, a large quantity of saliva flows from his mouth, his tongue often hanging out, and always of a bad colour; his jaws are frequently wide open, a stupor seizes his brain, he soon becomes convulsed, and generally dies on the fourth or fifth day. Most dogs which go mad are seized in this manner. Every dog which looks sullenly, and refuses his meat, should be confined immediately, as these symptoms are of a very suspicious nature.

The dog-tax, which made for a short time as much *noise* as ever the animals themselves had raised, was a trifle compared with the present sufferings of the canine race. In the metropolis, "for a poor dog to be *seen* in the street is to be *suspected* of madness; and to be *suspected*—is enough."

On Tuesday, Feb. 3, as the Lord Chancellor was passing through Holborn on foot, he observed a number of men and boys hunting and beating a little dog with sticks, under the idea of his being mad.—The Lord Chancellor, with great humanity, observing not the least symptoms of madness, rushed into the crowd and seized the poor animal from the hands of its destroyers, and carried it in his arms some distance, till he met a boy, who he hired to carry it home with him, to his Lordship's house, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, when he gave it into the care of a servant, to be taken to his Lordship's stables.

Vulgar Prejudice.—There is a vulgar prejudice, that a person bitten by a mad dog, and pronounced irrecoverable, may, according to the laws of the land, be bled to death, or smothered. To correct this prejudice, we quote the opinion of Sir Vicary Gibbs, on this point.

"I am clearly of opinion, that it is not lawful, by any means, wilfully to put to death a person who has been bitten by a mad dog; and those who wilfully commit such an act, are guilty of murder, and liable to be tried and convicted accordingly.

"It probably will be found upon inquiry, that the bleeding was applied as a remedy to the disorder, and not for the purpose of putting an end to the patient's life.

V. Gibbs."

Boxing.—The beginning of the present month, two men, of the names of Gibson and Jones, the former of whom is a huntsman, and the latter a navigator, met in a field near Heston, Middlesex, to fight a pitched battle for thirty guineas. The combatants were above the common stature, and were not deficient in either courage or bottom, which was manifested after a severe battle of an hour and a half. Before they had fought ten minutes, they exhibited such marks of heavy blows as were scarcely ever witnessed; and at the expiration of half an hour, Gibson was completely blind. He was lanced, and the contest was renewed with increased vigour, until Jones was unable to stand; it was not till then that he resigned the palm of victory. There was very little shifting to avoid blows, for (unlike scientific bruisers) they stood and exchanged hits until one was knocked down. Each was alternately the favourite, and until the battle was decided, the victory was doubtful.

A bruising match between two men, the one a shoemaker, who lived in Poland-street, and the other a waggoner of the name of Jones, took

took place on Saturday, the 7th instant, near Twickenham, in consequence of a dispute at a public house. They fought upwards of three quarters of an hour. The last blow which the shoemaker received was on the left side of his head, when he fell, and was thought to be dead. After being removed, however, he revived, and was supposed to be in a fair way of recovery, but he expired on Monday.

About the middle of this month, a most desperate pitched battle, for five guineas, was fought at Newbury, between a tinker, of the name of Symester, celebrated for agility, and a jolly miller, named Harrison, equally noted for strength, both inhabitants of that town. The contest lasted an hour and twenty minutes, in which there were sixty severe rounds. Although the man of metal was assisted the whole time of action by his wife's affectionate attention with a bottle of rum and water, which at intervals she sent to him by his daughter, a damsel about seven years of age, and had also fought fifty pitched battles, and shewed much science, yet the athletic limbs and long wind of the miller at last prevailed.

On Friday, the 13th inst. Tom Francis the running coachman, had another contest for 20 guineas, with a Life-guardsman, in Hyde Park.—These Pedestrians started no less than seven times before the start was decided a fair one, when they ran in great stile 100 yards, which is Francis's usual distance. He won this race with more difficulty than any he had ever ran before, the Life-guardsman being close in with him, and it is thought would have beat him had the distance been a few yards farther.

A bet of 40 guineas was lately made at Hadleigh, Suffolk, between some friends, that a horse could not be found to trot with two persons in a gig from that town to Bury, in two hours, being a distance of 20 miles, and very hilly road; but the same was effected 4½ minutes within the time limited, although the gig partly broke down about half way, which threw the load much backwarder; nor was the horse at all distressed. Much money was won and lost.

On Friday morning, the 13th, a foot-race was run for five guineas, between Twining, an elderly man, and William Brommel, aged 18.—The former started from Featherstone street, City-road, and the latter from Moorgate, to the Blue-cot Boy at Islington, and back to Moorgate, Brommel giving Twining half a mile.——They started at seven o'clock by signal. Twining won by one minute, he arriving at the winning post in 19 minutes, and Brommel in 20. The distance for Twining was two miles and a half, and that for the other was three miles.

Five hundred guineas were last month offered for Diddler, that well-bred stallion, who broke down in running for the Gold Cup at York races, late the property of Mr. F. Mellish, now of Mr. Roalfe, horse-dealer at Canterbury.

A hare of singular appearance was lately killed by the greyhounds belonging to the Rev. Mr. Evans, of Kingsland. The face, shoulders, and fore legs, being of the most pure white.

In the Court of King's Bench, February 13.—Dickons, Esq. v. Burnham.——This was an action brought by Capt. Dickons against his coachmaker, for the pecuniary injury he had received by the defendant's

fendant's having fixed a bad, rotten, unfirm pole, into his curricle, after warranting it a sound and good one, by which the plaintiff was thrown from his carriage, and one of his horses killed. Lord Ellenborough said, there were two things for the jury's consideration: first, whether the defendant had made the pole under a warranty of its being sound, good, and substantial; and secondly, whether the pole produced in Court answered that warranty. He could not see that any particular violence had been applied to the pole; it was broke in the ordinary use of the carriage, and therefore they would say whether the article itself must not be defective. If it was so, then the defendant had broke his warranty, and was answerable in law for the damages the plaintiff had sustained. The jury found immediately for the plaintiff—Damages £54 : 12 : 0, allowing fifty guineas as the price of the horse.

In the same Court, Feb. 19.—Miles *v.* Lindo.—The plaintiff, a livery stable keeper, sought to recover £8, for damages done to a telegraph gig lent to the defendant.

Mr. Serjeant Onslow observed, in stating this case, that Lord Pembroke, who was as keen a sportsman as any in the country, had said, that whenever accidents happened by driving of horses, the accident was occasioned, nine times out of ten, by the unskilfulness of the driver; such was the case in the present instance, and the jury would find that the injury done to the chaise belonging to the plaintiff, was owing to the want of ability to manage the horse. On the part of the plaintiff, the Learned Counsel then stated, that the defendant, after running against a post, and other misfortunes, ran the chaise into a pond near Hampstead; after which he left the vehicle to the guidance of a gardner and groom, who also drove into a ditch, to avoid running against a cart on the Hampstead Road, where the injury occurred which became the subject of action. On the part of the defendant, it was contended, that the horse was restive and ungovernable. The jury, however, found a verdict for the plaintiff.

A circumstance is talked of among the Black-legs of a Noble Lord high in the annals of gaming, who by the practice of every preparation that can possibly be devised, has arrived to such a degree of perfection as to be an overmatch both for flats and sharps. In fact, he is spoken of as a duellist who spends every moment of time after the delivery of his challenge in firing at a mark; and it is added, that the hard cash which he has realized is beyond all example.

Last week died, at Rippon, in Yorkshire, Mr. Jefferson, comedian; the friend, cotemporary, and exact prototype, of the immortal Garrick. He had resided many years at Plymouth, and as often as his age and infirmities permitted, he appeared on that stage, in characters adapted to lameness and decay, and performed them admirably, particularly at his last benefit, when he personated Lusignan and Lord Chalkstone. We know not whether Mr. Hull, or Mr. Jefferson, was father of the British stage: they were both of nearly an equal standing.—To the Theatrical Fund, of which the former is founder and treasurer, the latter owed the chief support of his old age. Mr. Jefferson was on a visit to a daughter, who is settled in Yorkshire, when death closed the last scenes of this honest, pleasant, and much-esteemed man.

POETRY,